

The Fandoliers, or, The King of BaraTAffia  
part I  
Written by Len Bailes

with additional lyrics by Ron Elik, Bruce Pelz & Randall Garrett  
(some out-dated references to local fan addresses replaced by  
Ruth Berman.)

THE CAST

Roneo } faaanish publishers  
Rex Rotary }

Serconio } fakefans  
Jophan }  
Meyer }

Abscissa } femmefans  
Ditto }  
Tessa }  
Fendetta }

Duke of Fanheimstrasse, a BNF  
Duchess of Fanheimstrasse,  
his wife  
Obliterine, their daughter

Grand Administrator, a Secret  
Master of Fandom, the  
previous TAffwinner

Chorus of Femmes & Fakefans

ACT I - A Midwescon

(Scene: the huckster room. A  
group of femmefans are dis-  
covered pawing through a box of  
old fanzines.)

Chorus of Femmes

List and learn fanzines un-  
gainly,  
Runs of Quandry, Void and Grue,  
Why we flip your pages vainly  
For each trivial DNQ  
By a custom unromantic  
Fabbings from a typer frantic  
In an awkward style pedantic,  
Fill most crudzines through  
and through.  
Though we try at each conven-  
tion

To attract Big Name attention;  
All they care about or mention --  
Runs of Quandry, Void and Grue!

Solo - DITTO

Two there are in sf fandom,  
Every femme will chase in vain.  
Two who flit about at random,  
Casting sneers of high disdain.  
We have tried in vain to show them  
Publishing works best for two;  
We, alas, are only femmefen;  
How can we compete with Ghu?

DITTO: We alas

CHORUS: Alas!

DITTO: Are only femmefen;  
How can we?

CHORUS: Can we?

DITTO: Compete with Ghu?

CHORUS: There is nothing we can  
do, alas!

Now ye know, fanzines ungainly,  
Why we flip your pages vainly  
For each trivial DNQ

Runs of Quandry, Void and Grue!

(During this chorus, Serconio,  
Jophan, Meyer and other fakefans  
enter unobserved.)

RECITATIVE

JOPHAN: Good morning, pretty  
fannes; for whom prepare ye  
By reading these crudzines,  
extraordinary?

DITTO: For Roneo and Rex Rotary  
the trufen  
The pride and joy of every stf  
convention

ABSCISSA: They're coming here  
to look for some narrations  
That they may use in future  
publications!

MEYER: Do all you maidens love  
them?

CHORUS: Passionately!

MEYER: These trufan fools are  
to be envied greatly!

SERCONIO: But what of us, all  
fakefans who adore you?  
Forget those silly fuggheads!  
They will bore you.

ABSCISSA: This may be true,  
But they must choose before you.

DITTO: In the meantime, we  
fear we must ignore you.

ABSCISSA: Till then, we both  
suggest, if you are able  
You spend your time down at the  
prozine table.

DITTO: Go find some pulpy  
science fiction fable

SERCONIO: Not we! We fakefans  
are not so unstable!  
(all produce cans of beer)

SONG - Serconio

For we laugh at all fans who  
are "true," ha ha!  
And sail on a sea of home-brew,  
ha ha!

With stfnal expounding,  
On Weird and Astounding  
We've nothing whatever to do!  
ha ha!

We've nothing whatever to do!  
For Tucker and Bloch we con-  
fess, ha ha!

Not one of our band could care  
less! ha ha!

The fugghead opinions  
Of trufandom's minions  
Are only a mimeod mess! Ha ha,  
Are only a mimeod mess!

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha...etc.

DITTO: See see! Our idols now  
draw near  
(to fakefans) You fools! Now  
quickly hide those cans of beer

CHORUS: Hail! Hail, Gallant Fan-  
dolieri  
Roneo and Rex Rotary.

(Roneo and Rex Rotary stagger  
into the room carrying load of  
fanzines which they proceed to  
distribute to the female chorus.)

DUET - Rex and Roneo

We're called ultrafannish  
Short sighted and clannish  
Because on our annish  
We've worked all night through.

We've typed in seclusion  
Amidst the confusion  
And reached the conclusion  
Six months overdue!

While others were drinking  
Until they got stinking  
We trufans were thinking  
Up brilliant replies

With logic consistant  
To putdowns persistent  
From fans non-existent  
(Till readers get wise!)

With wielding blue pencils  
And hacking out stencils  
With graphic utensils  
We're utterly sick!

But this occupation  
Female adulation  
Provides in good ration  
So let's take our pick!

(femrefans cluster round them  
eagerly and all join in):

RECITATIVE - Rex & Roneo

RON: And now, what to reprint?

REX: (leafing through old fms):  
These articles are old,  
The pages full of lint;

BOTH: Yet we will surely fold  
If humor we withhold

RON: Unless somehow we find  
Some brilliant modern Wits --

DITTO (Interrupting and pro-  
ducing a sheaf of paper):  
Perhaps you'd be so kind  
As read these manuscripts;  
You may find one that fits!

ALL FEMMEFANS (rushing up to  
the two of them and inundating  
them with paper):  
Viva!

Perhaps in us they'll find  
Some brilliant modern Wit;

But we will drive them blind  
If here we make them sit,  
And read: each fannish bit.

(Rex Rotary spies beer can on  
prozine table, and peering  
behind it locates the hidden  
stock of the fakefans. He  
takes a can and hands it to  
one of the girls.)

REX: These cans of Lager Beer  
will put us in the mood --

RON: Now open them and see  
that we get absolutely stewed!

BOTH: Then set your stuff in  
front of us -- unbiased  
we'll proceed,  
And undertake to publish any  
two that we can read!

ALL: Viva! They undertake to  
publish any two that they  
can read!

(While the femmefans open can af-  
ter can and the Fandoliers start  
drinking, the fakefans arrange  
the huckster tables in a square,  
enclosing the pair and distribute  
manuscripts on the tables.)

CHORUS OF FEMMES:

All my friends are multi-apans  
SAPS, the Cult and APA L, sir!  
In six years we'll all be FAPAns  
Choose two scripts and what the  
hell, sir!

(Rex Rotary and Roneo stumble  
around picking up one manuscript  
after another, each time returning  
for another can of beer. Each  
girl stands behind her own  
writing. Finally the two  
publishers are so drunk they  
can't walk straight and fall on  
two manuscripts.)

REX: I've selected one at random;  
It's by Tessa! On Tenth Fandom.

(He reaches over the table and  
embraces her.)

RON (aside): Fendetta's conreport  
I've chosen  
(Though her style is trite and  
frozen).

DUET - Fendetta & Tessa

Thank you faanish fandolieri,  
For your time and kind attention;  
Though we caught you both unwary  
At this stf convention!  
Though you chose with no preten-  
tion

To a bias literary,  
Still our rapture we must mention,  
Gallant faanish fandolieri.

tralalalalala...etc.

ALL: Ghu in this has put his  
finger  
Let us bow to Ghu's decree;  
Then no longer let us linger  
To the program hurry we!

(Rex and Ron dance off hand in hand with Fendetta & Tessa. The fakefans pair off with the rest of the femmefans. The lead couples each clutch a manuscript between them. The others hold copies of the fanzine Roneo distributed. All exeunt.)

(Sound of swearing. Amidst a large number of suitcases, carried with effort, enter the Duke of Fandheimstrasse, his wife the Duchess and their daughter, Obliterine.)

ENTRANCE SONG

DUKE: From extremely far away,  
The Duke of Fandolay! --

DUCHESS: And his faithful  
                    wife so true --

OBLITERINE: And their fannish  
                    daughter, too --

ALL: 'Cross the country almost  
                    numb  
To the Midwescon have come!  
To the Midwescon have come:

If ever, ever, ever, we go  
                    back again  
We will never, never, never,  
                    take it all by train!  
                    (2)

DUKE: Not that BNF who's  
                    arrived today  
The well-known Duke of Fandolay

DUCH: Nor his faithful wife, so  
                    staunch and true --

OBLIT: You may add their  
                    fannish daughter, too.

ALL: Riding 'cross the country  
                    till almost numb  
To the Midwescon will come!  
To the Midwescon will come!

And if ever, ever, ever, we go  
                    back again  
We will never, never, never take  
                    it all by train!

We will never never never, never,  
never, never, never, never,  
never, never, never, take it  
all by train!

DUKE: At last we have arrived at  
our destination. This is the  
Midwestern Science Fantasy Con-  
ference, and it is here that all  
the neofans will flock, drawn to  
the huckster room like flies to a  
used bottle of correction fluid.  
I only wish we could have carried  
a few more boxes with us on the  
train.

DUCHESS: (kicking the load of  
cartons they have just set down):  
Well, I don't care if I never see  
the damned things again as long  
as I live! Fanzines, prozines,  
comic books...ecch...not to men-  
tion the costume material.

OBLITERINE: No, we mustn't forget  
the costume material. Father, is  
it absolutely necessary that we  
set up a medieval arsenal at  
every single convention?

DUCHESS: Hush, dear. You know  
your father has an image to live  
up to. At least one of us has  
taken a prize at every masquerade  
for the last 10 years...by now  
it's expected of us.

OBLITERINE: But the Midwescon  
doesn't have a costume ball.

DUKE: Tut! A minor triviality.  
(Gestures toward boxes.)  
And as for these, you should know  
better than to complain, my dear.  
These shredded little stacks of  
mimeoed rubbish have paid our  
expenses halfway around the world  
and back.



In making each one out a dunce  
He easily succeeded.  
He publicized their every plan  
And did them in with class --  
Ah!

That celebrated,  
Cultivated,  
Underrated  
Nobleman,  
The Duke of Fanheimstrasse!

ALL: To fen with feet of clay  
-- ha, ha!  
He always showed the way --  
-- ha, ha!

That celebrated,  
Cultivated  
Underrated  
Nobleman,  
The Duke of Fanheimstrasse!

(Enter the Grand Administrator  
of TAFF, the previous winner,  
furtively.)

ADMINISTRATOR: They say that  
the Art show is the place where  
everyone congregates at a con-  
vention, so I should be safe  
here in the huckster... (sees  
Duke & Co. and shrugs)...room.

DUKE: My child, allow me to  
present to you His Distinction.  
The Grand Administer of the  
Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund. It  
is His Distinction who will  
announce the name of the next  
TAFFman at the business  
session, later today.

OBLITERINE (politely): How do  
you do?

ADMIN:(coldly): I don't believe  
we've met before. Where did  
you place on the Fan-Poll last  
year?

DUKE (hastily):Ah...I don't  
think you understand. This is  
my daughter, Obliterine.

ADMIN (to himself): The Daughter  
of the Duke of Fanheimstrasse...  
then she's probably at least a  
WKF. (aloud to Obliterine) My  
dear, I've been looking forward  
to meeting you. No doubt you've  
read my TAFF report and have been  
waiting here all morning to com-  
pliment me, like all the rest of  
them.

OBLITERINE: As a matter of fact,  
I've never heard of you before.

ADMIN (hopefully): You haven't?  
(Obliterine shakes head) ...Then  
you don't want me to tell you  
witty stories, make trilingual  
puns and charm you with my cosmo-  
politan suavity and sophistica-  
tion?

(Obliterine shakes head again.)

ADMIN (kicking off his shoes and  
sitting wearily on the floor):  
Thank God!

DUCHESS: Your Distinction, do you  
think you might drop a small hint  
as to which of the Fandolieri  
brothers is going to win tomorrow?

ADMIN: Why? Can you tell the  
difference between them?

DUCHESS: It's not that...it's  
just that Obliterine has a right  
to know who her husband-to-be --

OBLITERINE: Now, wait a minute!  
We haven't settled --

ADMIN: Ladies, please! There's  
no sense in arguing. Right now  
your guess as to the identity of  
the winner is as good as mine.

DUKE: What? You mean there's a  
doubt as to which of those clods  
got more votes?

ADMIN: A doubt? Oh dear, no  
no doubt at all. It's just  
that all the ballots are miss-  
ing. Listen and I'll tell you  
all about it:

SONG - Grand Administrator

I won the crown and left it  
here  
To cache for this year's winner  
With a highly respected con-  
ventioneer,  
Who promised to hold the  
trophy dear,  
And yield it up only when  
there'd appear  
A trufan -- and no beginner!  
Everyone knew he'd bear this  
out,  
And that no one could use a  
lever --  
Of that there is no manner of  
doubt --  
No probable, possible shadow of  
doubt --  
No possible doubt whatever.  
But owing, I'm much disposed  
to fear,  
To his terrible love for  
feuding,  
That highly respected conven-  
tioneer  
Got deeply involved with the  
Great Ghod Bheer  
When all of the fans made it  
very clear,  
That they did not like  
excluding!  
For, they said, he too often  
would flout  
Their trufannish endeavour.  
Of that there is no manner of  
doubt --  
No probable, possible shadow of  
doubt --  
No possible doubt whatever.  
Time sped, and when at the end  
of the year  
I hinted most discreetly,

That maybe that able conven-  
tioneer  
Should soon be announcing the  
fannish peer,  
I found he'd quit his fannish  
career --  
Gone gafia completely!

The outraged cries put him to  
rout;  
From fandom he's gone forever.  
Of that there is no manner of  
doubt --  
No probable, possible shadow of  
doubt --  
No possible doubt whatever.

So now we're faced with decision  
grave  
(I swear I've not been drinking),  
For each candidate swears that  
the other knave  
Is only a beatnik who thought to  
shave,  
And he is the only one who'll  
save  
The fannish world from sinking!

As Solomon I'm not cut out;  
I'm ne'er one-half so clever.  
Of that there is no manner of  
doubt --  
No probable, possible shadow of  
doubt --  
No possible doubt whatever!

OBLITERINE: Then, do you mean to  
say that I must marry one of  
these faanish idiots, but that it  
is impossible to say which?

ADMIN: You betchum Red Ryder!

OBLITERINE: I may vomit!

ADMIN: Be reassured...I have a  
hoard of neofans out searching the  
bars at this very moment. As  
soon as we find the convention I  
so unwisely appointed as teller  
we can establish the winner's  
identity beyond all question.

RECITATIVE - Obliterine & Administrator

OBLIT: But bless my heart, consider my position!  
I am betrothed to one, that's very clear;  
And yet I'd rather die of malnutrition,  
Than be the wife of some dull Fandolier!

ADMIN: Submit to Ghu without unseemly wrangle:  
Such situations frequently arise --  
Fandom's one closely complicated tangle:  
Nothing's too wild to catch us by surprise!

QUARTET - Duke, Duchess, Obliterine & Admin.

ALL: Try we life-long, we can never  
Delve the roots of fandom's will.  
Why should we, in vain endeavour,  
Audience with talking kill?

ADMIN: Fandom's just a goddamn fad!

DUCHESS: Or a way of life that's mad!

ALL: Fandom's just a goddamn fad,  
Or a way of life that's mad.  
Wherefore waste our erudition  
Damning neos to perdition?  
Fandom's just an intermission,  
Let us take what's to be had!

Set aside the puzzling question,  
And you'll find it brings no shame;  
If you take this small suggestion:  
Shelve your cares and join the game!

ADMIN: Pub the zines and drink the brew

DUCHESS: Everyone likes egoboo!

ALL: Pub the zines and drink the brew,  
Everyone likes egoboo!  
Fandom's fancies flit unceasing,  
Complications keep increasing,  
Gafia will bring surceasing,  
Though it's often overdue!

(exeunt all.)